

Stay by TheCharleeMonstah

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Summary:

The Fluffiest Hopper i've written that was so frequently asked for!! General, loving, mushy Hopper and Female Reader alone together, sharing wine and dancing and just having fun together and then Hopper gets all mushy on her and he gets the loving we all know he deserves. NSFW shit ensues in second half!!

Stay

It was a brisk evening in late Fall. Your body was restless and you found yourself wandering the outskirts of Hawkins after dark. You admitted it was a bit chillier than you would have liked but it didn't bother you too bad tonight. You sighed, it was peaceful at night, especially once it got colder. The night was almost silent save for your feet on the paved road and the occasional rustling of the leaves in the wind.

You ventured out farther than you had before, passing by the huge quarry. You dared to look over, but not too close to the edge. The vast lake below was pitch black, reflecting the night sky, looking like a huge pool of stars. You recalled the stories Hopper told you about little Will Byers and how this was where they found the fake body. As scary as the whole ordeal seemed, part of you wishes you could have been around to see all those strange things that he and Jane described. You had moved here just after she had closed the gate that let them all run free.

Just as you were about to keep walking off into the forest, headlights came around the corner down the road. As it drew near, police lights lit up atop the vehicle. It could only be one person driving that truck.

“Y/N?” Hopper said as he stepped out of the truck once he got close enough. Your boyfriend looked as if he had just seen a ghost. “What the fuck are you doing out here this late? It’s freezing!”

He walked up to you and you smiled, “Just out for a walk, Hop,” you said, “Don’t worry about me.”

“Oh, I’m not supposed to worry about my girlfriend when I find her out past dark, walking this close to a 400 foot quarry wall, in the freezing weather?” His tone was as serious as it could be and he got scary when he was like this.

“Jim,” you said, walking farther away from the side of the cliff. You grabbed his arm and pulled him with you. “I just ended up over here, okay? I’m not seeking danger-”

“Like you usually do...”

“Hopper.” you said sternly.

“What? You do! It’s like if i turn my head for a second you’re going to go looking in the woods for monsters or... Cliff diving!” he said, motioning to the quarry ledge. “It scares the ever loving shit out of me, okay? I love that you have this need to adventure, Y/N, but Jesus Christ, if something ever happened to you I don’t know what I would do.”

You sighed, smiling up at him. “Jim.”

“No, don’t ‘Jim’ me.” he mocked, taking a deep breath. You took his hand and realised he was actually shaking, and not because he was cold.

“Honey...” you took a step forward, pressing your front to his and standing on your toes to kiss him, “I didn't know it scared you this much.”

“Of course it does, Y/N,” he signed, his tone becoming softer, “I love you... and with everything that's happened here... If it wasn't for Jane and all of her friends here, I would steal you away and move the three of us somewhere that didn't have some permanent target for hell.”

You smiled and he melted finally, pulling you into the tightest hug. “I won't come back out here at night, if that will keep you from worrying.”

“Yeah, it actually would.” He looked deep in your eyes, pushing your hair back behind your ear, “And maybe not go out walking so far in this arctic weather.”

“Oh, it's not that cold!!”

“Bull shit, its not that cold!” he laughed, “My balls are crawling back up inside my damn body, Y/N. Get in the truck!” You laughed and rolled your eyes, climbing up into the passenger seat.

When you pulled up to the cabin, Hopper bolted for the door and let you in. Turns out, he was doing a patrol after dropping Jane off at Will's for a sleepover with the gang so you two had the place to yourselves for the night.

He went over to start the fireplace and suggested you pick out a record from his collection to have on while the two of you hung out by the fire. You happily obliged, carefully picking through his boxes of records. “This one!!” you sang, pulling one of them out and handing it to Hopper as he walked over.

“Creedence, huh?” He smiled, kissing you. He pulled the record from it’s sleeve. The Green River album from Creedence Clearwater Revival. “An excellent choice, dear.” You danced over to the kitchen once the music started playing, grabbing the bottle of wine that you had left there weeks ago.

“Need a little something to warm you up, Chief?” you teased, popping it open and turning around to see him snapping his fingers and shimmying over to you, biting his bottom lip. You never got over how stiff he looked when he danced but by god did he try. Especially when the two of you were alone.

“Hell yeah, baby,” he said, taking the glass you poured for him and sipping at it. You laughed, as he took your hand in his free one, the both of you dancing together in the kitchen. His eyes wandered up and down your body as you moved, “How did I get so lucky... scoring a babe like you?”

You smirked, bopping closer to him, “You’re just lucky a man in uniform gets me all hot, chief!”

He let out a loud, hearty chuckle, “Listen you brat!” You reached up and kissed him deeply, giggling softly into his fluffy face before swaying your hips to the beat, strutting away from him with the

bottle and over to the couch where you took your usual spot.

He followed, turning the music down a little on the way so you two could hear each other. When he sat down, you scooted over so you could lean into him, his arm automatically going around your shoulder. You sighed happily, sipping your wine, "I've needed a night like this."

"Yeah, I was going to call you when I got home," he said, taking a swig, clearly he wasn't a wine drinker, "Good thing I found you or you obviously wouldn't have got the call."

"Tsk, so bitter," you scoffed.

"Oh, stop," he said, pushing you softly, "I can't help worrying about you."

"Such a protective, old bear."

He scoffed, laughing lightly and looking at you in shock, "Someone is sassy tonight, christ."

You and Hopper cuddled on the couch together for the next hour or so, talking and laughing while you finished the bottle. You both set your glasses down on the coffee table, getting closer. You nuzzled your head into his strong chest, sighing happily. "I love you, Jim."

He tightened his hold on you, kissing your cheek, “I love you too, honey.” He paused, sighing and taking your hand in his, “More than you know...”

You hummed happily, turning to kiss his lips softly. “You’re such a sweetheart.” You could see his cheeks flushing with pink and it made you giggle, “God, and so adorable.” Another kiss, and soon escalating to a bit more, his tongue slipping past your lips. Hopper brought up the hand that wasn’t trapped under you to hold your face as he continued to kiss you, more and more passionately by the second.

“My god,” he sighed, “I love you...”

“Jim...”

His lips ventured down, kissing your chin and then your neck. Focusing his attention there when you let out a soft moan. “I’ve loved you ever since you set foot in this god forsaken town.” He whispered, between kisses and soft nibbles, “I wasn’t sure if I’d ever feel this way again... but fuck, I love you and I couldn’t be happier... I need you in my life, Y/N...”

Your heart pounded, his words warming your very soul. You could feel your cheek blushing as he spoke, his arms still holding onto you in that way that made you feel safer than anywhere else in the universe. “Funny... I feel the same about you, Jim...”

He moved back up to your lips, slowly moving you so he was hovering over you on your back. Hopper looked into your eyes with

his own deep blue ones. “Stay with me...”

“Always, honey.”

“No, Y/N... move in...here, with Jane and I...”

You sat up, propping your elbows on the arm of the couch. “What?” you asked, “S-seriously, Hop??”

“Yes, I’m Serious...” He takes your hand in both of his, absentmindedly kissing your palm and keeping it near his face, “Every morning, I wake up and wish you were still there... Nights that you spend over here, I don’t say it, but I dread the next day when I know you have to walk out my door and not see me again until who knows when.” He kisses your hand again before letting you take it back. His own hand finding your leg, rubbing softly at the denim which covered it. “And... Jane. She loves you too, you know? You do things for her that I can’t. Whether its spending time with her on late nights when I’m stuck working or cooking for us, because god knows I’m shit at cooking for a growing child.... Point is... I want you here... nothing would make this house a home more than you.”

You had to try your hardest not to let tears fall from your eyes but as you got up to hug the shit out of him, you couldn't help but cry. “Okay.” you finally said.

“Okay?” He echoed, questioningly, still holding onto you.

“Yeah... I’ll do it, I’ll move in with you and Jane.” His hold on you tightened, pressing his face into your neck in attempts to hide the fact that his own eyes were started to well up with tears. “I love you so much, Jim Hopper.”

“I love you, Y/N... so fucking much.” When your embrace broke, he took you by the back of your head and kissed you so deeply your heart felt as if it might leap from your chest. He gently laid you back down on the couch, never breaking the kisses as he did so. In that moment, you never felt so close to him.

Languidly, he moved to your neck again, kissing it softly as his hands wandered, snaking up your shirt and rubbing your sides, coaxing a soft whimper from you. “Oh, Jim... your hands...”

You could feel him smile against your neck. He knew exactly what his touch did to you. His lips ventured lower, planting kisses on your chest and soon enough, the top of your breasts. “Hop...”

“Yeah, baby?” He said, softly into your skin, looking up at you.

“Love me...” You didn't have to spell it out for him, he knew exactly what you wanted. Hopper got up and picked you up, carrying you bridal style to his bedroom and placing you on the bed. You couldn't help but giggle a little at how this rough, grumpy old cop could be so charming and romantic when he meant it.

He resumed the position he had on the couch, hovering over you and softly kissing your neck as he started to pull off your shirt. You helped him, sitting up and letting him take it off of you before

unsnapping your bra and letting it fall. Hopper couldn't resist pausing to look at you, sighing at the sight before him, making you blush again. "You're so perfect, Y/N," he whispered, unbuttoning his own shirt as you undid his belt and pants.

You lay back down, Hopper sliding your pants off from under you and then going in for one more kiss on your lips before getting your panties off too. You give him a sweet smile as he lowers himself down to kiss your thighs, slowly making his way to your warm and welcoming folds. He starts by kissing just above your clit, still keeping his eyes on yours, then softly pressing his tongue to you. You sigh, letting your head fall back to the pillow as you feel his tongue push through your labia, teasing your swelling bud and eventually finding its way to your opening, lapping slowly into it.

Hopper's eyes shut slowly, your scent was intoxicating and your taste was nectar on his tongue. Your fingers ran through his unruly hair, encouraging his work. A small tug was answered by a rough groan into your heat. After a moment, he adjusted his position, laying on his side so he push his briefs off, freeing his already reddened cock. You propped yourself up again, watching him as he resumed, suckling at your clit softly now and bring one of his hands up to slide a finger into your opening. The other was wrapped around his aching hard on.

You moaned at his touch, his finger finding all the right spots inside of you. Watching him only made you whimper more, the way his hips bucked slightly as he stroked himself, his soft expression, eyes shut, concentrating on making you feel good, listening to every moan and breath to make sure he's doing everything right, and god he was. "Oh, fuck... Jim..." His eyes opened to look at you but he didn't dare stop. "I... I'm so close, honey..." you bit your lip and watched as his lips curled into a sly grin with your mound between his teeth. He added a finger, stretching your hole a little more and speeding his pace, his tongue flicking over your clit to add more stimulation.

Within seconds he had you crying out his name, your pussy tightening over his fingers as you came to a climax. When you came to, he was kissing your neck again. "You okay?" he asked, smiling at you.

"Y-yeah," you panted, "Just.... Damn..."

Hop kissed you softly on the lips this time, "You ready?"

"Fuck, yes..."

Thankfully, he kept his condoms in the bedside table so he didn't have to get up and leave you there. He tore the wrapper with his teeth and rolled the rubber over his cock, all the while his free hand rubbing your side. When he was ready, he positioned himself between your legs. He watched himself enter you slowly, moaning deeply and biting his lip. You were tight around his thick cock, but all the foreplay had you soaked for him, making it easy to slide into you. He remained upright, watching himself pump in and out of you a few times before propping himself on his elbows again, his face next to yours. You turned your head to kiss him, holding your hand on his strong jawline.

"Fu-uck..." he grunted, his head falling to rest on your shoulder. "You're.... Shit.... You feel too good..." This was far from the first time he had made love to you but he was right, you both felt different tonight. The words he spoke earlier, the feelings shared between you both made sex feel a thousand times better. As he bucked into you, he found your hand and laced his fingers with yours. "I'm never letting you go." he whispered, "I love you so

much...”

“I love you...” you moan, “Fuck... Jim.”

“Y/N,” He kissed you deeply again, “I’m not going to last much longer, sweetheart.”

“It’s okay, baby, cum for me...”

“Oh, don’t... Honey, I want you to be satisfied before I.... Fuck...”
You made puppy eyes at him and bit your lip while he was looking at you, which you knew drove him wild. “That’s not fair...”

“I am satisfied, Hop... more than satisfied... I want you to let go... I want you to feel good... Jim.... Chief Hopper.”

“Oh, sweet Jesus,” he let his head rest on your shoulder again, bucking into you harder and losing control.

“My chief...,” you moaned, your fingernails digging into his back as his cock pushed into your back wall, harder and harder with every thrust, “The Chief of my heart.... Oh, Jim!”

“FUCK!” Hopper growled, thrusting into you as hard as he could when he finally came. His arms wrapped around you underneath him, holding you so close and panting as he rode out his orgasm.

As soon as he could see straight again, Hop got up and discarded the condom, grabbing a towel and wiping the sweat from his brow. You both were panting and sweaty, hair tousled everywhere.

He looked over to you and smiled, "What do you say to aftersex cuddles in the shower?"

"I say, fuck yeah," you laughed, hopping out of the bed and following him to the bathroom, making sure to slap his ass on the way.

You started the shower and stepped in, of course, it was way too hot for Hopper. After adjusting it to his liking, he stepped in with you and pulled you close, the warm water cascading over your skin mixed with his contact was like heaven to you. You rest your head against his chest, sighing happily.

"I'm so fucking lucky," he sighs.

"You know... in all honesty, Jim... I feel that way about myself. I'm the lucky one.. To have a man who cares so damn much about me... You have an entire town to protect yet you still somehow manage to be there every time I need you. Not to mention the fact that you're a goddamn hero."

He laughed, "What? I'm a cop, Y/N, that doesn't make me a hero."

"Regardless of that, you can't argue that what you did for Will and Joyce and Jane and if you think about it, the entire town, makes you

a hero whether you like it or not.”

He gave you a little smile before kissing you tenderly, grabbing a cloth and lathering it with soap, starting to rub your chest with it. You couldn't help but moan a little at the soothing touch.

“Oh, don't you make that face at me,” He laughed, “As much as I would love to fuck all night, I am not as young as I once was and it might kill me.”